Now if his cauſe be bad, I think it will be a greeuous matter
(to him:
King. Why ſo you may ſay, if a man ſend his ſeruant
As Factor into another Countrey,
And he by any meanes miſcarry,
You may ſay the buſineſſe of the maiſter,
Was the author of his ſeruants misfortune.
Or if a ſonne be imployd by his father,
And he fall into any leaud action, you may ſay the father
Was the author of his ſonnes damnation.
But the maſter is not to anſwere for his ſeruants,
The father for his ſonne, nor the king for his ſubiects:
For they purpoſe not their deaths, whē they craue their ſer-
Some there are that haue the gift of premeditated (uices:
Murder on them:
Others the broken ſeale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens.
Now if theſe outſtrip the lawe,
Yet they cannot eſcape Gods puniſhment.
War is Gods Beadel. War is Gods vengeance:
Euery mans ſeruice is the kings:
But euery mans ſoule is his owne.
Therfore I would haue euery ſouldier examine himſelfe,
And waſh euery moath out of his conſcience:
That in ſo doing, he may be the readier for death:
Or not dying, why the time was well ſpent,
Wherein ſuch preparation was made.
3. *Lord.* Yfaith he ſaies true:
Euery mans fault on his owne head,
I would not haue the king anſwere for me.
Yet I intend to fight luſtily for him.
King. Well, I heard the king, he wold not be ranſomde.
2. *L.* I he ſaid ſo, to make vs fight:
But when our throates be cut, he may be ranſomde,
And we neuer the wiſer.
King. If I liue to ſee that, Ile neuer truſt his word againe.
2. *Lord,*

2. *Sol.* Mas youle pay him then
That an elder gun, can do againſt
Or a ſubiect againſt a monarke.
Youle nere take his word again, yo
King. Your reproofe is ſomewh
Were it not at this time I could be
2. *Sol.* Why let it be a quarrell i
King. How ſhall I know thee?
2. *Sol.* Here is my gloue, which i
Ile challenge thee, and ſtrike thee.
Kin. Here is likewiſe another
And aſſure thee Ile weare it.
2. *Sol.* Thou dar'ſt as well be ha
3. *Sol.* Be friends you fooles,
We haue French quarrels anow i
We haue no need of Engliſh broy
Kin. Tis no treaſon to cut Fren
For to morrow the king himſelfe

Enter the King, Gloſter, Epi
Attendants.

K. O God of battels ſteele my
Take from them now the ſence o
That the appoſed multitudes whic
May not appall their courage.
O not to day, not to day ô God,
Thinke on the fault my father ma
In compaſſing the crowne.
I *Richards* bodie haue interred ne
And on it hath beſtowd more co
Then from it iſſued forced drops
A hundred men haue I in yearly p